



"I was there"

with the
Yanks
in France

Sketches
by

C. LeRoy Baldridge
Private, A.E.F.

I am a heritage because I
bring you years of thought
and the lore of time —
I impart yet I can not speak —
I have traveled among the
peoples of the earth — I
am a rover — Oft-times
I stray from the fireside
of the one who loves and
cherishes me — who
misses me when I am
gone — Should you find
me vagrant please send
me home — among my
brothers — on the book
shelves of

ALFRED SANTELL



Audenarde Belgium
Nov. 11, 1918

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard
A sort of sigh from everybody there,
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

See last page.)

“I WAS THERE”

**WITH THE YANKS
ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1917 - 1919**

BY
C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
PVT. A. E. F.

TOGETHER WITH VERSES
BY
HILMAR R. BAUKHAGE
PVT. A. E. F.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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C. LEROY BALDRIDGE



TO OUR MOTHERS

Ours the Great Adventure,
Yours the pain to bear,
Ours the golden service stripes,
Yours the marks of care.

If all the Great Adventure
The old Earth ever knew,
Was ours and in this little book
'Twould still belong to you!

These Sketches

were made during a year's service as a camion driver with the French army in the Chemin-des-Dames sector and a year's service with the A.E.F. as an infantry private on special duty with "The Stars and Stripes," the official A.E.F. newspaper. Most of them were drawn at odd minutes during the French push of 1917 near Fort Malmaison, at loading parks and along the roadside while on truck convoy, and while on special permission to draw and paint with the French army given me by the Grand Quartier Général during the time I was stationed at Soissons. The rest were drawn on American fronts from the Argonne to Belgium as my duties took me from one offensive to another.

It has been a keen regret to me that my artistic skill has been so unequal to these opportunities. The sketches do not sufficiently show war for the stupid horror I know it to be.

I hope, however, they may serve as a record of doughboy types, of the people he lived with in France, with whom he suffered and by whose side he fought.

Many appeared first in "The Stars and Stripes," "Leslie's Weekly," and "Scribner's Magazine," through the courtesy of whose editors I am now enabled to reprint them.

C. L. Roy Baldridge
Private, Am. E. F.

June 1919

I WAS THERE

Sunny
France



Warming up
the "corned
willy" over
"corned
heat"
(solidified
alcohol)



Rain
overhead
and
mud under foot



Baldridge Near Montfaucon 18



The Ilank

C. E. Kelly Baldridge
P.T. Att. 19

Fighting
Trim



C. Roy Ballbridge



America's
Desert
- first
tremendous
entirely
unlike
these own commands

Saccharose
America's old home sector.

Chestnut Bald ridge April 10

THE LINE

Form a line !

Get in line !

From the time that I enlisted
And since Jerry armististed
I've been standing, kidding, cussing,
I've been waiting, fuming, fussing,
In a line.

I have stood in line in mud and slime and sleet,
With the dirty water oozing from my feet,

I have soaked and slid and slipped,
While my tacky slicker dripped,
And I wondered what they'd hand me out to eat.

Get in Line !

For supplies and for inspections,
With the dust in four directions,
For a chance to scrub the dirt off,
In the winter with my shirt off,

In a line.

I have sweated in an August training camp,
That would make a prohibition town look damp,
Underneath my dinky cap

While the sun burned off my map
And I waited for some gold-fish (and a cramp!).

Get in line !

For rice, pay-day, pills, and ration,
For corned-willy, army fashion,
In Hoboken, in the trenches,
In a station with the Frenchies,

In a line.

I've been standing, freezing, sweating,
Pushing, shoving, wheezing, fretting,
And I won't be soon forgetting
Though I don't say I'm regretting
That I stood there, with my buddies,
In a line.



To Caring Baldridge
J.E.F.

The lids we wear-





—
He used to
hunt rabbits
in Kentucky
—

R.B.

Chas. Ray Baldridge

—
The job
that's never
ended
—



First time in two weeks!



Montreal

C. 1967 - 1968



The letter from home

reading



The Ration Detail

a job which no one relishes. Each day the other fellow's artillery tries to lay down a fire which will keep those boys from getting back. They travel to where their supply company has dumped the food from mule carts - the point nearest front where creaking wheels may go. The man in the center is carrying a string of French coins, the round, thick-waisted common before we got over our tanks started.



The fossilized skeleton of the Horse found at Chippingham
Fareham, Hants. This animal died in a bog, and was buried by the
water which covered the country at that time.

"PREPARE FOR ACTION"

I ran into Johnny Redlegs
A-sitting on his bus,
And I asked him why the devil
He dropped half his shells on us.
He just smiles and puffs his corn-cob,
As peaceful as a Persian,
And, "Buddy," says he, "you can't blame me,
You gotta blame dispersion."

I says to Johnny Redlegs,
"If I didn't have nine lives
Your barrage would have got me
With those lousy seventy-fives."
He grins and puffs his corn-cob,
And then he winks, reflective,
And, "Buddy," says he, "you can't blame me
If you pass your damn objective."

I says to Johnny Redlegs
(Just kidding him, you know),
"The trouble with your popgun is
She pops too gol-darned slow."
Then Redlegs drops his corn-cob
And spits on both his han's,
And, "Buddy," says he, "you can kid with me
And the whole damned Field Artilleree,
But there'll be a dud where you used to be
If you kid my swasont-cans!"



more ancient bones who looks just like you

June

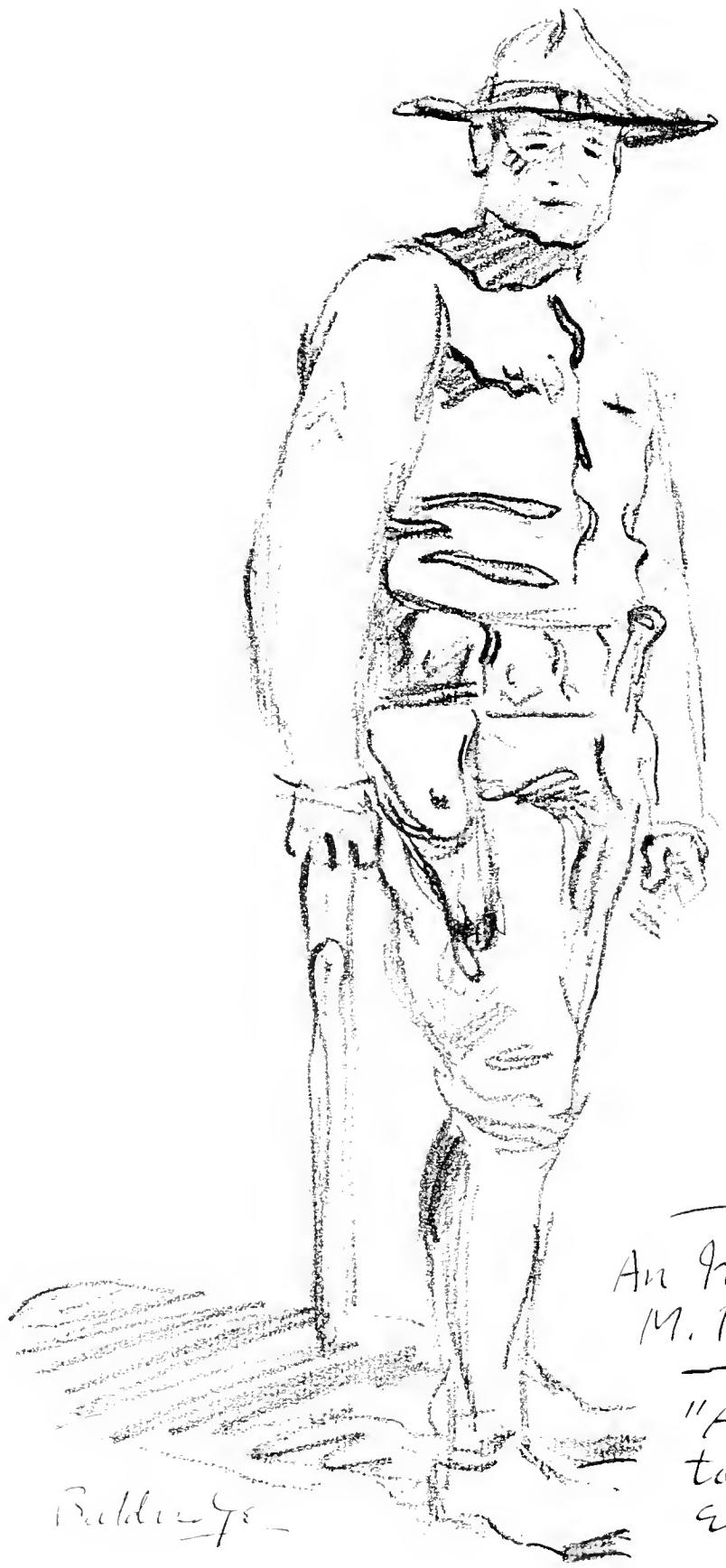


St. Remy Baldridge
France



The Bugs"-
Two men, French style tanks

letois Baldridges - Argonne Front



An Indian
M. P.

"A chance
to get ..
even"

Budding



A portrait
of the old
regular an-

other animals



—
Among the
first
sent
across

They served
with the French
in '17



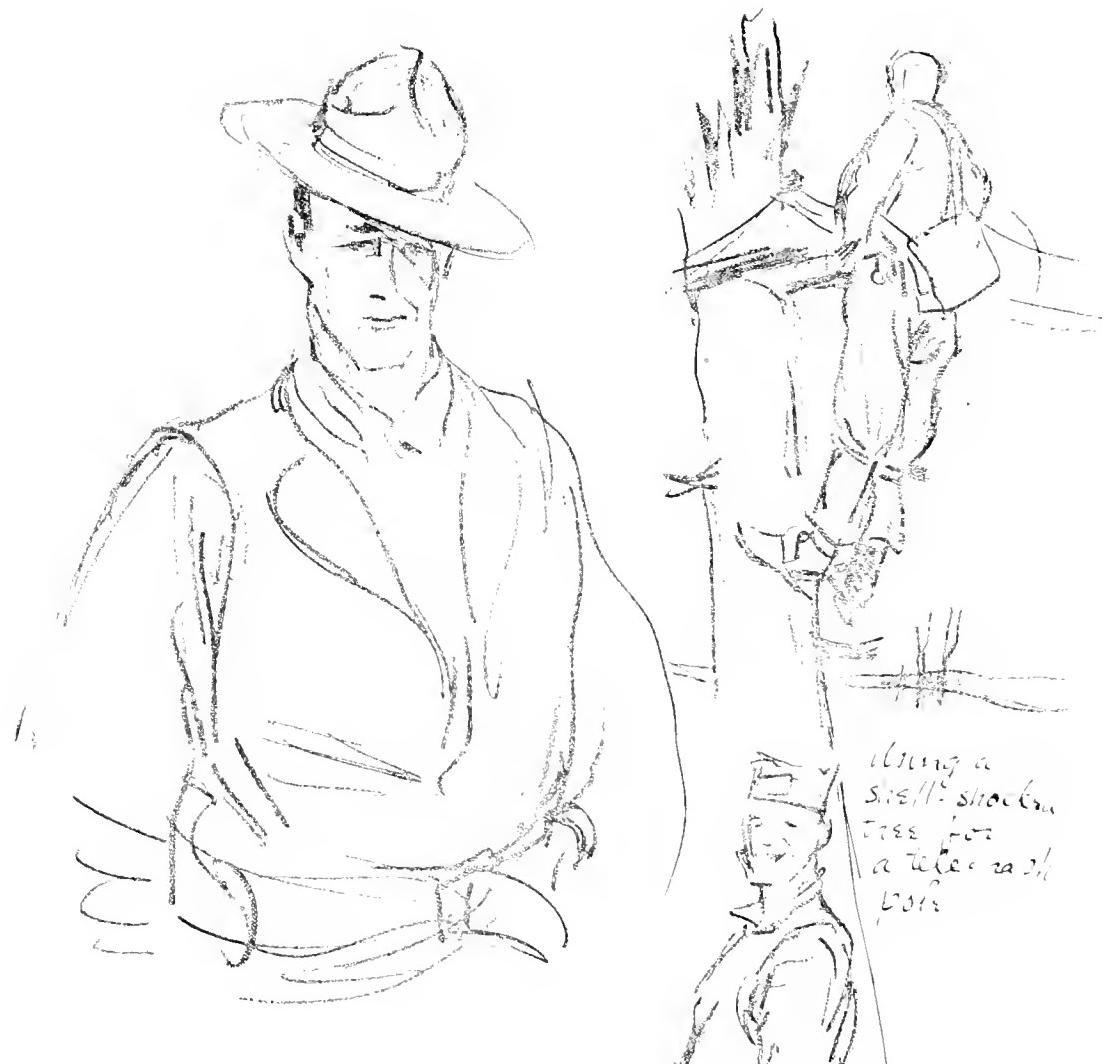
Reading their shirts



Her boy too -



American and French field artillery gun crews camped together in a wood near Chassony. The canvas overhead keeps the birds from being observed by aeroplanes at night.



using a
sillie shacker
tree for
a telegraph
pole

The tree man
at the front

Same old job
with just a
couple percent
more risk
than usual



St. Mihail
1918

Dumb Beasts



In the
Missouri
draft

Wagon train
tricks: "land"
and "blood"



Former refugee
- now mascot
and the
only
man
in the
outfit
who
likes
monkey meat



Yanks
with
French
Type
of Anti-
Aircraft

G. Leroy Baldridge



The
Aeroplane
Flight

Carlo Balbiani

1912

RELIEF

z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-E-E-----b Boom!

There's another!

God, this pack is heavy.

Glad I pinched the extra willy,

Guess I'll need it.

And the sweater, too,

out there.

-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-EEEEEE--b Boom!

There's another!

Jesse! that was a close one.

Wonder if.....good Christ! Where's Charlie?

Got him clean. God curse those Jerries!

I'll get even, — p'raps —

out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-E-E-E-e-----b Boom!

There's another!

Over!

Well, if one has my name on it

Then the guv'ment pays ten thousand.

What's the use? I couldn't spend it.

Leastways not —

out there.

z-z-z-z-z-z-Z-Z-Z-e-e-e-e-E-E-E---b Boom!

There's another!

Where'd I put that plug of Climax?

Oh, I s'pose somebody swiped it.

Gee, I never thought that Charlie...

Glad I ain't out on the wire.

This damn trench is dark — ouch! Damn it,

Wait a minute.... Hell, I'm coming,

I can't run in this equipment.

What the hell's the rush to get —

out there?



The Relief

Coming up to the front lines through the communication trenches, which extend a kilometer or so. On these occasions little care is lost on "beautiful moonlight nights."

C. LeRoy Baldridge 1918



The Woods of Valley
Mtns., a few minutes of walk
from the hotel.

July 1st, 1881



"The Germans have gone!"

Babliow
St. Malric



The Shell hole
Central



On
Guard



The noncombatant —

The family with whom I
lived in Soissons



In 1870
Grandpaire
was taken as a
prisoner to
Coblenz



Madam
Framary
who served on
my buttons
and who
transformed
miserable
French
army
rations
into
marvelous
dishes



Erasmie,
the young
est son who
starts his
three years of
compulsory
training in the
fall 1919



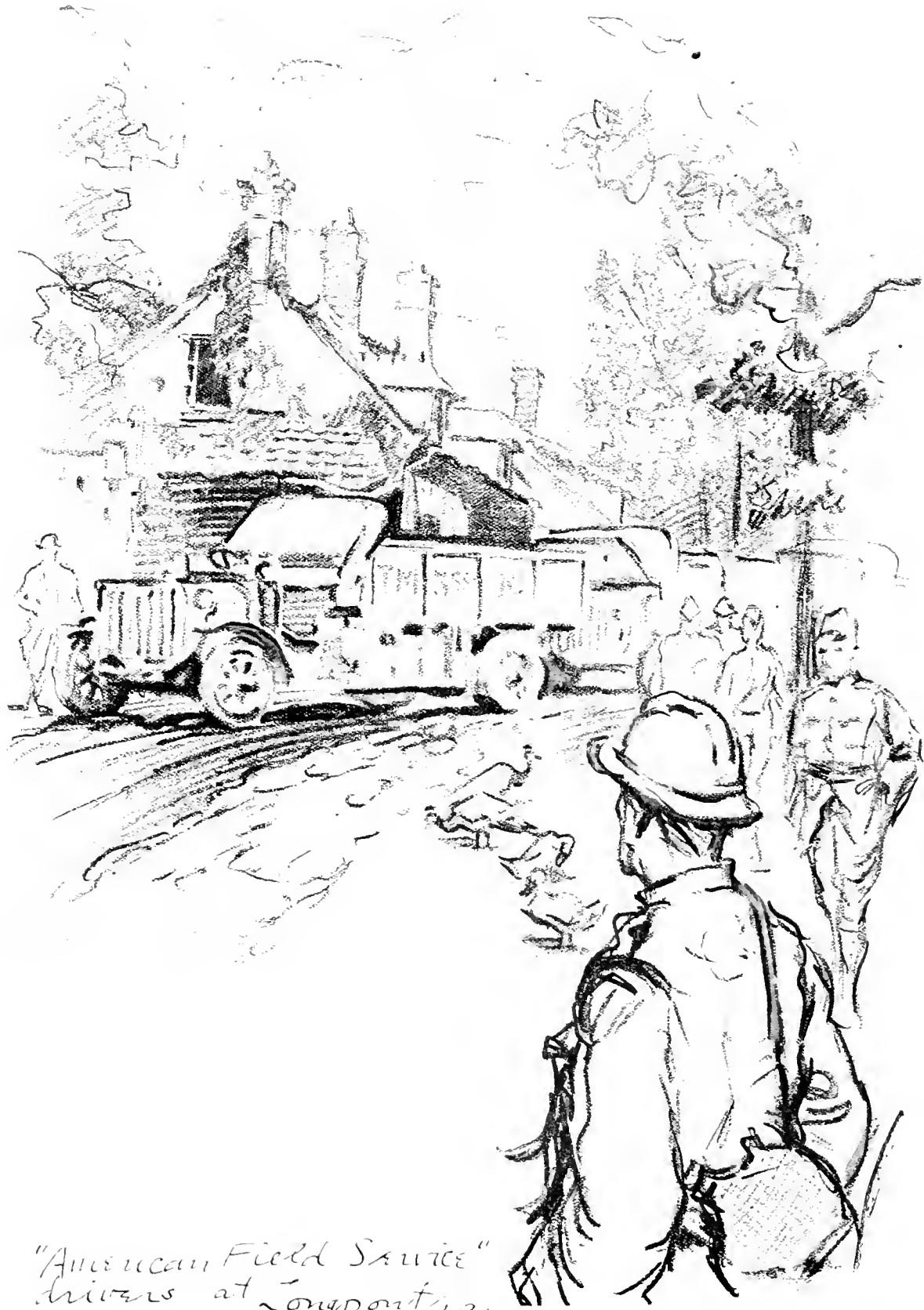
The eldest son
After his three
years of training
he was called to war.
He has never come
back.

Erasmie Baldridge - Soissons - 1918

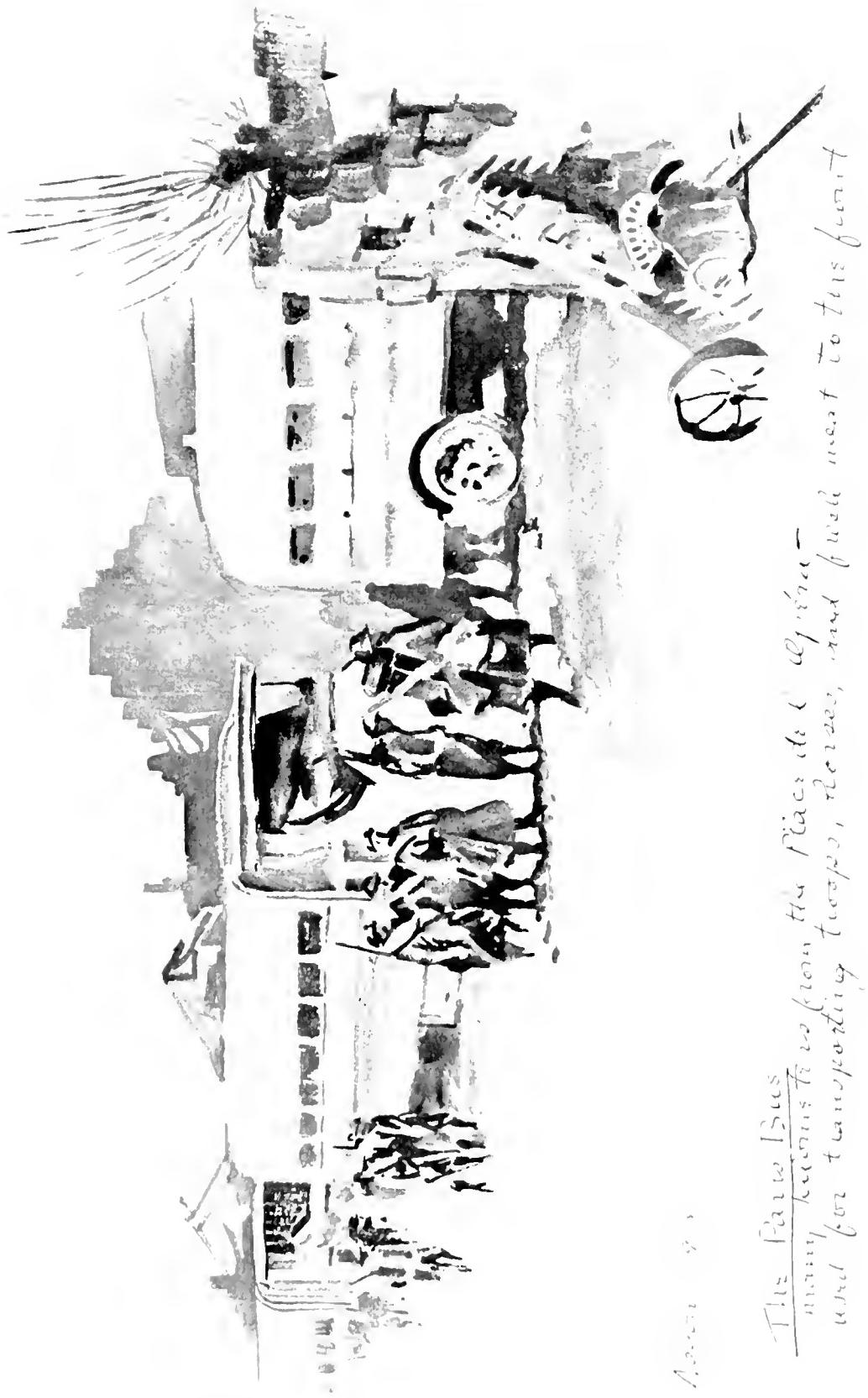


Castelv, Bailleul, France 1917

Awaiting the signal to attack. The sergeant is ready to blow the whistle for his squad to follow him out through a path in the parapet wire. In another minute they will advance closer within the bursting shells of a heavy barrage which is lifting, will leave them face to face with German machine guns.



"American Field Service"
drivers at Longport, 1917



A. 1902

The Paris Bise
blowing from the Place de l'Opéra -
used for carrying traps, roses, and flowers to this front

FATIGUE

You can see 'em in the movies,
With the sunlight on their guns,
You can read in all the papers
Of the charge that licked the Huns,
You can read of "khaki heroes"
And of "gleaming bayonet,"
But there's one thing that the writers
And the artist all forget:

That's me!
On K. P.
In my suit of denim blue
I am thinking—not of you—
But the places where I'd like the top to be!

On the posters in the windows,
In the monthly magazine,
Are the boys in leather leggins
Such as Pershing's never seen;
Oh, they love to paint 'em pretty,
All dressed up and fit to kiss,—
Ain't it funny there's a picture
That they always seem to miss?

Bless me soul,
Loading coal!
In my little shimmy-shirt,
Eyes and mouth full up with dirt—
(In the next war I'll be living at the Pole.)



Gathering Baldridge

—
Built
for
speed
—



and with
light pack
to match

P.B.—
Belleau Wood
• 1918
A Marine



Baldridge

Jan 20 1919

"Steady, buddy!"



Never too far
gone for a
smoke

But he wears the Legion of
Honor and the "croix de
guerre" —



The "Territorial"
the name given
French poilu
between the ages
of 34 and 40

C.let Ray Baldvrylic
Vailly - 1917



He was most waiting
for the policies of big German planes to go home



The veteran
of the Spanish-
American war
tells 'em
how it
ought to
be done

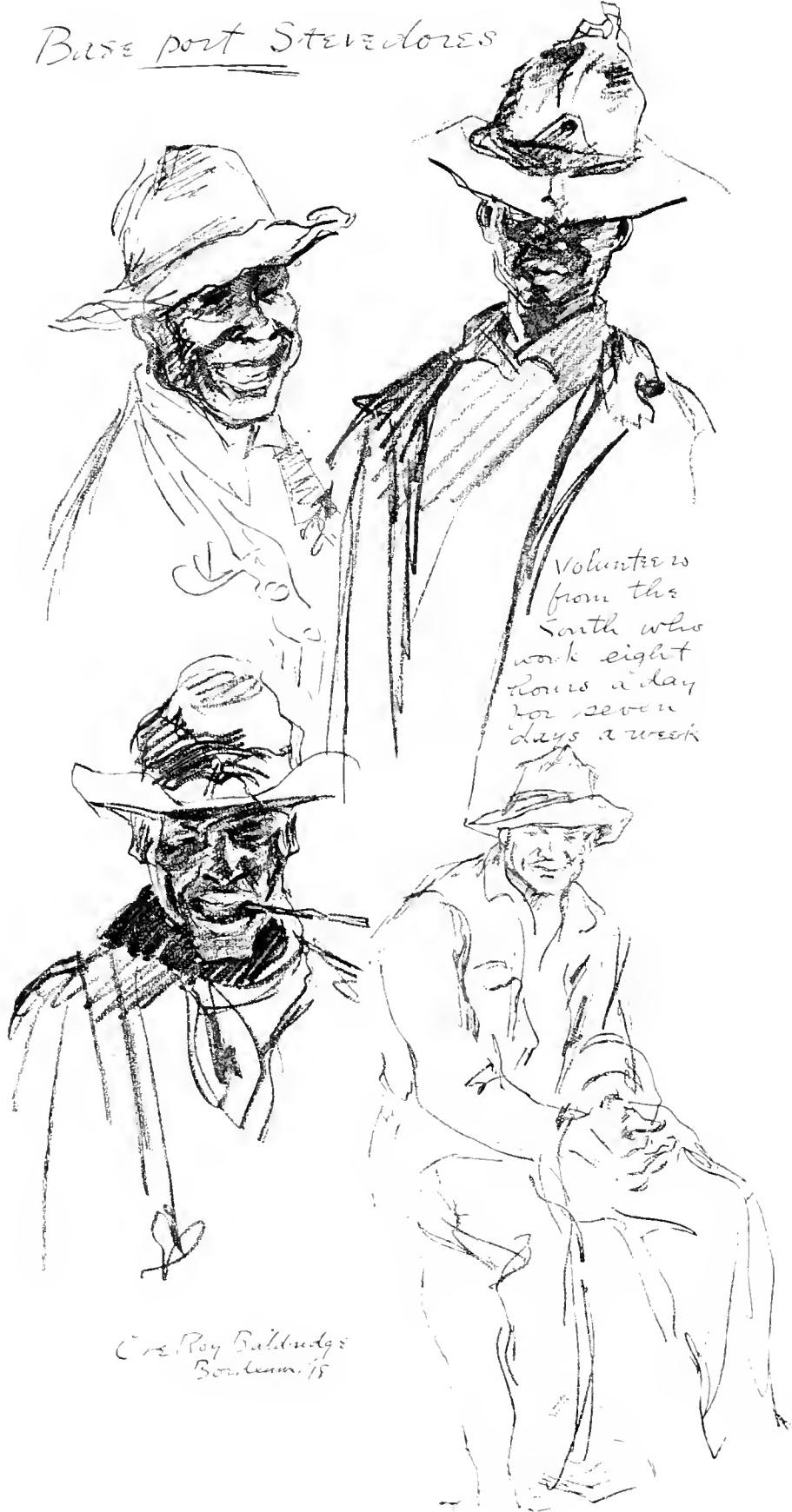


R. Cuffery

Sketched at the
Lafayette Escadrille
field near Longport
as the winter
was getting into
the "union suit"
preparatory to
flying in a
Fleming-Davis
engined mount

C. E. King

Base port Stevedores



Volunteers
from the
North who
work eight
hours a day
for seven
days a week

C. R. Roy Baldridge
Bouleau, '18



Locomotive Prairie Schooner
morning toward Pleasant
wood 6. 1918 -
Jackie and Prairie Schooner on
a country walk sent by wife



C. Le Roy Baldridge

The end of his service

Veterans
of the
Marne



C. Roy Ballouge Pte Inf

POILU

When we left the transport
Back in St. Nazaire,
Second thing you asked us,
“Quand finit la guerre?”
Didn’t know your lingo
You weren’t hard to get,
Peace was what you wanted –
And a cigarette.

Then up in the trenches
It was just the same,
“When’s it going to finish?”
Didn’t seem quite game.
Then we saw you strafing,
Saw we had you wrong,
Wondered how you stood it
Four years long.

Drank your sour pinard,
Shared what smokes we had,
Got to know you better,
Found you weren’t so bad,
Four years in the trenches!
(One’s enough, I’ll say)
How the hell’d you do it
On five sous a day?



Chemin des Dames - 17

Pot. C. Letendre, Balbriggan



Ch Ray Baldridge
France '17

American being
taught by Frenchman
to drive truck so
that the latter
may return to
his farm.



Young man
in a conical hat and
hand decorated by a
Yeon (Sergeant) regiment
in winter uniform band
to train in the night in all that
concerns to a general including
the bare handed combat with



جُنْدُولِي

Arabian Knight



جُنْدُولِي

On other days
he rides a
camel in
Algeria

Baldwin



جُنْدُولِي

Between drives he
works on the
railroad



1917

Senegalese types
Volunteers used for
the attack and for
labor on roads

C Le Roy Baldridge
Varisty 1917



The answer
— poor priest
who marched
with the
troops

of the
youngest
class

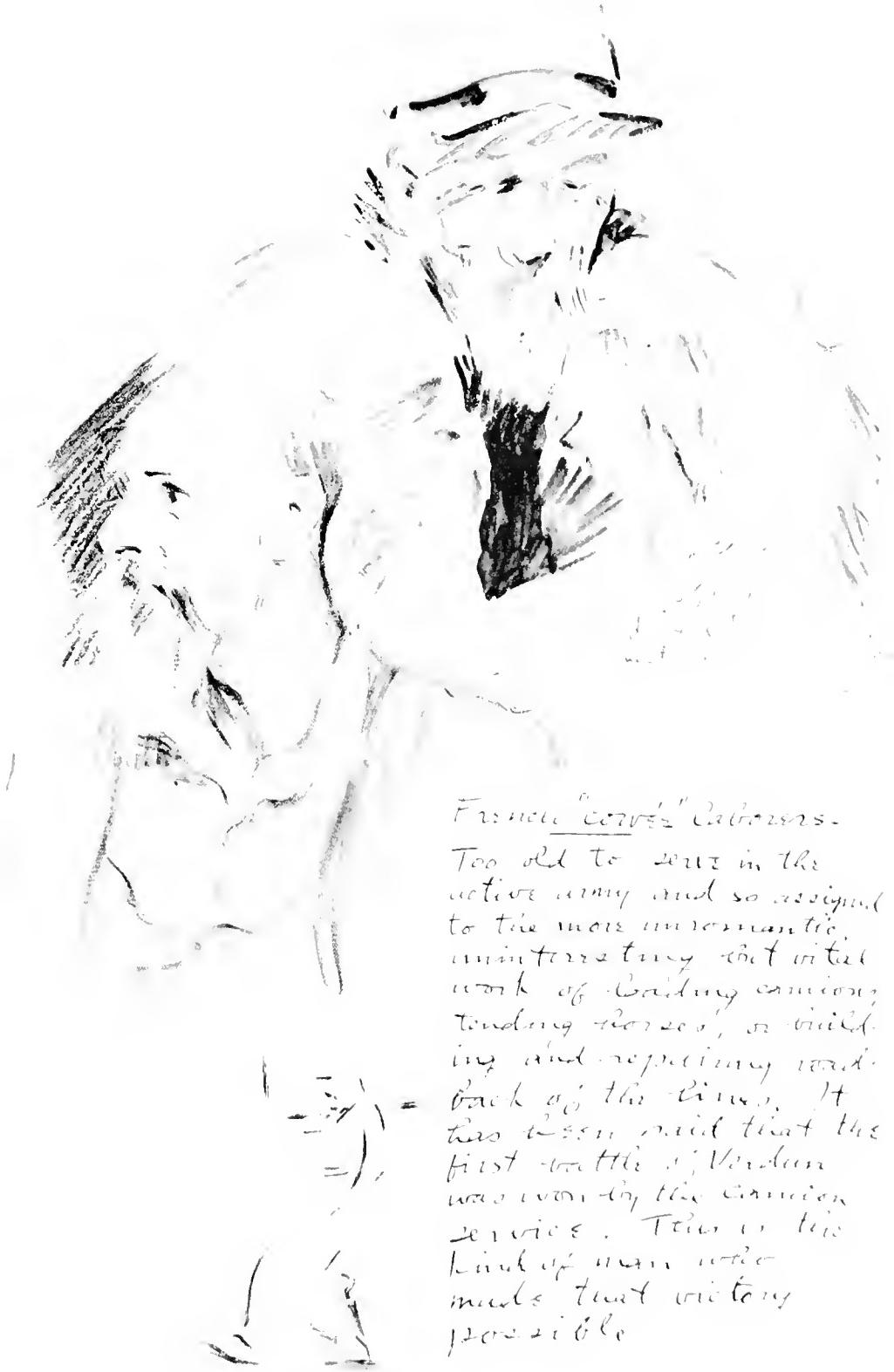
— 1861
Boileau & Co.
Philadelphia

He handles
a big naval
gun mounted
on rail road
cars near
Scissions



Baldridge
1918

Un canonnier marin sur le front



François "Corvis" Calabres

Too old to serve in the active army and so assigned to the more unromantic, uninteresting but vital work of building canions, tending horses, or building and repairing roads back of the lines. It has been said that the first battle of Verdun was won by the canon service. This is the kind of war which makes true victory possible.





Cpl. Dan Baldridge
France '17

Toul sector days -
Waiting for something to
happen -



McLean

Baldwgin



An American ambulance at
a poste de secours (first aid station)
Ostend 1717



An old trench
in the Argonne near Montfaucon



Shayn Bullock Potrait

File 11

THAT QUIET SECTOR

Four hours off — two hours on —
And not a thing to do but think,
And watch the mud and twisted wire
And never let your peepers blink.

Two hours on - four hours off
The dug-out's slimy as the trench;
It stinks of leather, men, and smoke, -
You wake up dopey from the stench.

Four hours off — two hours on ---
Back on the same old trick again,
The same old noth'n' to do at all
From yesterday till God knows when.
On post or not it's just the same,
The waiting is what gets your goat
And makes you want to chuck the game
Or risk a trench-knife in your throat.

Two hours on - four hours off —
I s'pose our job is not so hard, -
I s'pose sometime we're going to quit
· · · · ·

The ghosts we leave — do they stand guard?



Pvt. C. LeRoi, Baldridge, France



The water wagon
filled with red-hot
coffee going to the
ration dump via
shell fire and
not losing any
time about
it - outside Bellau
wood - June '18



He's been on
every front from
Chateau-Thierry
to the Rhine

Ch Roy Baldwin Jr.

Coblenz - 1919



After the plane went down
Cleaning up what we could
and trying to get some
fixes - this is the plane



Major Ballbridge

"Major Soldiers"
mistaken for intelligence



by
C. L. Roy Ballbridge
Pvt. Inf., A.E.F.
France Aug. 1918

Made in America

"Marraines" (godmothers)

who kept their
poilu godsons
at the front in
good cheer with
letters and pack-
ages from home,
and who took
their Yank cousins
to their hearts
in the same
kindly spirit



Sophie



Paris



Marie



Madeleine

in Paris
and the
provinces

A type to match
the ideal of every
man who looks



Baldwin 917



"Papa Perrin"
Swissans
1917

B. H. Dyer

No one knows where the poivre
strong went "Pernod" came
from, but everyone knows
what it means. It's half
way between water and red
wine, with the kick mostly
in the taste. It is served as
an army ration. The poivre's
canteen is always full of it.





one of the
about-the-war-Mt.
teams of Paris
patrolling the
borderline. They
have authority over all
spies and poachers.

- C. Le Roy Baldridge -

Belgian
Types



Le Roy Baldwin



The Tommy
Montdidier
1918

C. R. W. Biggs
France 1918



In the month
of July 5

R.B.



CleRoy Billings - France '17

Caught by a star shall at a blinding pace,
and attempting to "page" will
a secret until the hand upon him,
to look so much like a man of
mind as possible until the glass dies down.



G. Le Roy Baldridge
France 1917

Honolulu Museum of Art
Gift of Mrs. Paul S. Reutter

French Colonial
Types

White,
black,
and
half-
way.



"Kamerad!"



"P.G.s" (Personnages de guerre)
who are keeping in
physical trim by lumber
work in a forest where once
the kings of France took
their morning walks

— F. Dally, Dix Station



A l'pink going on leave
having a midnight cup
of "vin rouge" in a compartment
of a Permissonnaire

Train - with a dravante - quinze gunner, a sailor from a submarine in
Crasseum, an aviation sergeant, and several infantrymen. For the next
ten days of "permision" these men can forget war.

Cte Roy Baldandy E.
en route - Nice 1918



The barber shops
gracette on the
trip home -
(no Ocean rollers about now; this time).
Balticles



Baldridge

Chateau Thury
June - 1910



HAIL!
Brought up
to the front by the
action of fuel

—
calculus.



Forty feet
underground
in an old stone
quarry formerly
used by the Indians
as caverns.

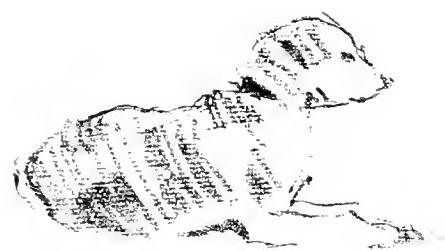
Near Fort Harrison

J. R. Kidder Jr.
France



(The P. Plant, 8)

This is the cellar of our home the house above
in Congo exists. For the living she makes
clothes for the soldiers as she distinguishes with her
young children as a pensioner in Brug. now. A
third grandchild lives in this house.



Jack-
a
yank
volunteer



French dogs loaned by private families
and trained by the army for use as Red Cross
aids, sentinels, and message carriers.
Intelligence the only qualification - my breed goes



Kémaro



Saïd



Two dogs
who worked
together at
Verdun



Picard



Sultane



Marraine



Filon



"Mort pour la Patrie"

The O.D. Circuit





"Drawing after the Washington Birthday 'Raist' Chemin des Dames - 1915 -



Aug 25
S. S.

—
An African Mohammedan,
An Indo-Chinese Annamite
and a prisoner
who all crack
rocks nine
hours a day
for the roads
of France

—
C. L. Ray Baldridge



C. Roy Baldridge
France
~1918



French
Colonials
from
Northern
Africa
used in
shock troops

First regiment
Zouave

LeRoy Baldridge
France 18

SALVAGE

I'll be stepping wide in these russet shoes!
Leather putts beside, honest I can't lose!
Guess the guy that had 'em left 'em in a hurry!

What the hell, he's S. O. L.

I should worry.

"That's my second razor!"
"Then gimme the blades."
"Whatcha got there, Buddy?"
"Pair of tailor-mades!"

I'll be walking on air! Yes . . . they was the top's!
He won't need 'em out there if a big one drops.

"Going to keep that sweater?"
"No, look at the dirt."
"Put that on you, Buddy,
. . . "You'll have to read your shirt!"

If I get that leave I can use 'em to dance.
Well, I should grieve, — he had his chance.

"Nothing doing! Beat it!
"Saw that luger first!"
"Ten francs says I want it."
"Done. I'll cure this thirst."

Brand-new russet shoes, I'll be stepping high!
Someone's got to lose, glad I ain't the guy.
If I'm going to use 'em, guess I'll have to hurry,

The next H. E. may be meant for me --
I should worry!





The fernman's cottage



old man et cetera,
in old man et cetera
but everything else same.

for Frank S. C. & Roy Backer
France 1914

Lafayette Escadrille, Men -

Marius -
who helps
keep the
air
planes
in
order



Pilot

Étampes
France
Aisne

Observer

Chevy Baldridge



Ch Co Bank
Finance
10

Hiking scenes from
published at title
for use on money
notes



The Signal Corps

3d Div. N.Y. National Guard
France



France Aug. 1918

C. H. Roy Bullock P.C. A.M.

The gold star



Both under Arms
The "pepines" of
the '89 class
and the
"Marie-Louise"
of the
last
call

Ch'E Roy Baldridge
France '17

Cafe group of
Boilus listening to
an American popular
song for the first
time, sung by Yanks
of The American
Field Service







Some of
the first
ones

Chevy Ballbridge
France - X 1918



Lafay Bald Ridge

Feet



R.B.

Vaux - the town American
artillery blew off.
the map (together
with the German
inhabitants)

Decorative room for German
officers near Somme
as seen by them in 1915.
Decked out with decorative
mosaic floors,
paper on the walls,
tile roofs and
stained glass win-
dows.

Painted in 1915





Baldridge
Am Hospital No 5

The American
Trained Nurse



What one man
is fighting for

C. LeRoy Baldwin
Soissons - 1917



Chet Ray Baldwin © 1968 A.E.F.

"Once upon a time"

Before leaving home
the old Goldberg's
contributed enough to
support 34 new French
and Spanish for one
year, and the Star
and Stage newspaper
with nearly three million
francs toward their
education.

Annamites

French colonial
troops from
 Indo-China

(Blinkered
teeth
as an
aid to
health and
beauty.)



These paid col-
onials were
used as attack-
ing troops, as
laborers on
roads and
as drivers
of light
trucks.



C. Sergeant Tam
Lizy-sur-Dore

(LeRoy Baldridge
France • 1915)



The "white wing"
of the French front —

—
but when he
puts on this
peculiar marching
order it means
there's an
attack
coming

A king
in his own
country

EQUIPMENT C

The Loot is getting wabbly,
With his dinky little pack, —
He can hear the sergeant cussing
But he doesn't dare look back.

But we ain't saying nothing
Since we got the order "route,"
Two dog-dead for even wond'ring
If we'll ever hear "fall out."

My damn rifle and my helmet
Keep on getting in the way,
And my brains are numb and dopey
Try'n' to cuss and try'n' to pray.

My throat's as dry as sawdust
And my right arm's gone to sleep,
And the pack-strap on my shoulder
Cuts a slit two inches deep.

I just lift one foot and shove it
And it hits most any place,
Then I lift and shove the other
T'keep from falling on my face.

If the guide should change the cadence
I'll be damned if I could stop;
If you pushed me with a feather -
Well, I'd just curl up and drop.

And I know damn well there's stragglers
That'll ride up on a truck —
Guess if you ain't born a quitter,
You're just simply out of luck.

I suppose we'll keep on going —
Huh? The Skipper's faced about?
Halt!... I'm dreaming...in the daisies...
You don't need...to say..."fall out!"



Pt. C. W. Key Baldridge



For Some of Us
The war will
never end.

C. E. Roy Brown
~~1918~~
1919



George Bradbury

An English humor writer and poet, he was a well-known figure in the early days of the comedy at Drury Lane. He died in 1855.



Here and distribution
of mail at the "Non-
com" school for the
M.T.C. at Langport

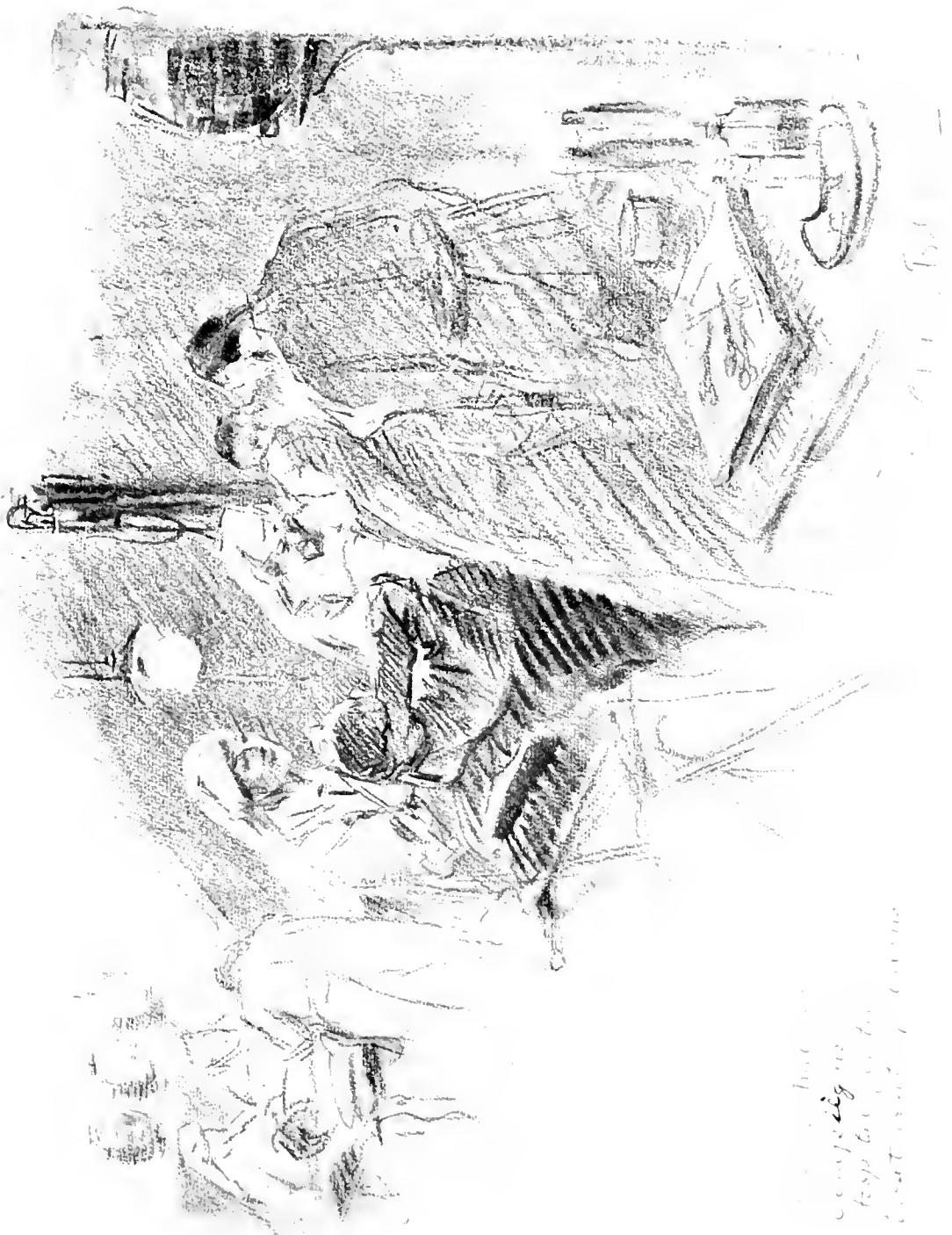
Chetley Baldridge
1917



Fisherman's barrel - S. R. O.
Cape Horn, 1871
from a sketch



Dressing a
gas burn case



Line
composing
top left
bottom



Americans quartered
in the old abbey
St John de Vine &
Soissons in the
spring of '18

Baldridge

All the same Family
Henry who tends
sheep until
his assistant

Loren

The
Teachers
at French

Jean, who
comes along
at mess time
for Confiture
française"
and who has
taught me
to say "C'est une
maison" and
"Cigarette."

but Patti picked
the Spuds

Their last war



Baldridge -
Chateau Thierry - France 1918



The town of Cappelle
(Sartine) ruled by the
Germans till 1916.
When the old inhabi-
tants began moving
back in; they were
assisted in re-establishing
their rigs there by the
American Red Cross.

The site of the
town of Muhrum
Cappelle where the
Red Cross set up a
Garrison cottage for
her.



Reims
Nov 18
Baldridge



The glory of Reims

Victor Baldridge
Nov. Nov. 1918



R.B.
Belleau Wood
1918

Cut off from nations
for three days in the
wood - with one can of
tomatoes for both
food and drink -



Davidoff

A sixteen year old
volunteer



12, Baldur. -

“MADELON”

It seemed years since I had seen one, —
Years of hiking, sweat and blood,
Didn't think there was a clean one
In these miles of men and mud.

Well, I stood there, laughing, drinking,
Kidding her in bon fransay
But the things that I was thinking
Were a thousand miles away.

Sewed my stripe on like a mother,
Gee! She was a pretty kid....
But I left her like a brother,-
Shake her hand was all I did.

Then I says: “Vous, all right, cherry ”
And my throat stuck, and it hurt....
And I showed her what I carry
In the pocket of my shirt.



(Maison Comtoise)
Furne

30. Octobre 1922



A second floor
billet

Outpost at
Hershback
Germany

Madelon of the
village, who washed
our clothes - and
who still has
some of those we
had to leave
when we were
pulled out
of the sector
in the middle
of the
night



C. Le Roy Ballbridge

Neat but
not
gaudy



As we came
home - on the
transport —



C. L. Roy Baldridge
Akten 1919

People coming home from
Kashgar do not stay long
and stop to eat at Akten
then the long-hair meets the
Chinese that sold him with a gun
or project sale or sale of
Siawox.

Officers 1
Hommes 4



France 1914
Ready to go home

Reading the Draft Covenant
for The League of Nations -
Paris: —



Sketch by
John French
Feb 17 1919

General Pollock Secretary - The President
Woodrow Wilson
M. Clemenceau M. Briand



Blue denim
for the
trip home

S. S. Canada
1919



Baldridge
Dec. 1918

Outpost at Mol'sberg Germany,
in ancient castle which stands
just on the edge of the American
occupied area and the neutral
zone.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

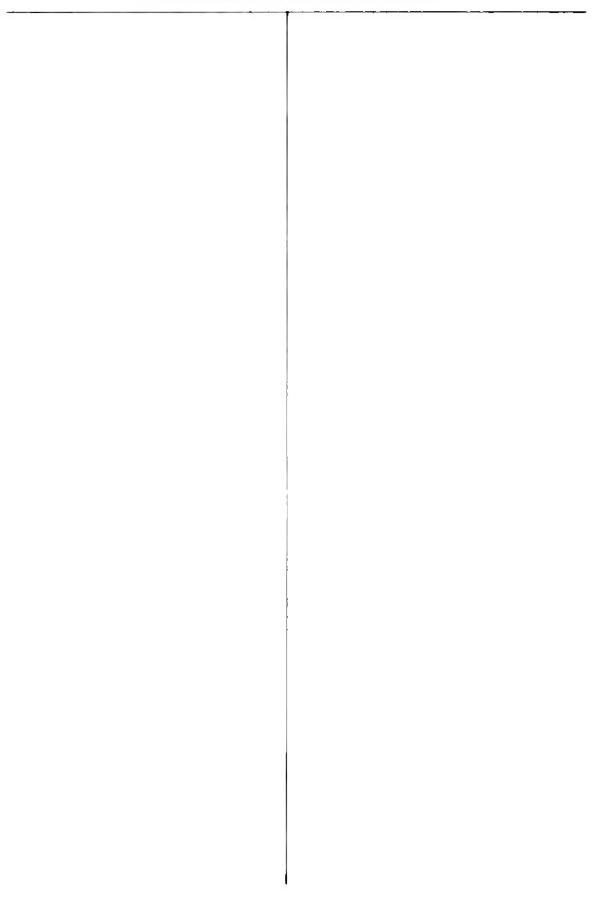
We stood up and we didn't say a word,
It felt just like when you have dropped your pack
After a hike, and straightened out your back
And seem just twice as light as any bird.

We stood up straight and, God! but it was good!
When you have crouched like that for months, to stand
Straight up and look right out toward No-Man's-Land
And feel the way you never thought you could.

We saw the trenches on the other side
And Jerry, too, not making any fuss,
But prob'ly stupid-happy, just like us.
Nobody shot and no one tried to hide.

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard
A sort of sigh from everybody there,
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

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